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P75
1890

PRIZE POEMS

AND OTHERS

BY

HARRY SAYERS

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BY

HARRY SAYERS

PREFACE

BY THE

REV. HENRY TWELLS

HAMMERSMITH

ANDREW CHURCHMAN, 16, KING STREET

—
1890

APK0543

PREFACE.

MANY years ago the writer of the following verses was a pupil of mine at the Godolphin School, Hammersmith, of which I was Head Master. At that time I had a number of promising boys under my charge, and I often used to spend odd moments in anticipating their future. It was my dream that HARRY SAYERS would win the Newdigate, the well-known prize for English Verse at Oxford, and would afterwards distinguish himself as an author and preacher. To some such destiny he seemed to be marked out, not only by his unusual powers of composition and elocution, but by the truthfulness and reverence of his character, and by his apparent possession of that priceless gift of boyhood, a pure mind.

The merit of these compositions is, as might be expected, very unequal. Even the early ones, however, show considerable facility of expression in one so young, while the later ones are certainly remarkable both for their vigour of thought and smoothness of rhythm. I venture to draw special attention to the spirited rendering of St. Paul's speech at Athens, and of the glowing prophecies of Isaiah and the Apocalypse.

HARRY SAYERS was a youth who spent much time in

dreamland, but who did not therefore shut
out duties and realities of life.

"Anon I heard

In tones most thrillingly distinct and clear

That shook and echoed through my train

"Moral! thou hast God's work on earth

Linger not idly gazing—dream no more

Like so many earthly forecasts, this

disappointment. HARRY SAYERS had no

residence at Worcester College, Oxford,

merely drafted a copy of verses in com-

munion, when he was seized with a v-

which he presently succumbed. The possi-

blance seems to be shadowed forth in several

visions. In common with a large circle of

educated and disinterested; and yet who c-

tempting life was lost in vain? Even at

present, his memory is so fresh and green, t-

comparable to the verse in quiet has given rise

to a tradition. Tradition life who does all

things with the eyes of death, opened the g-

the light that, however mysterious and i-

disappointment was always appear to try on

And as I trace these words, these old

words in my thought—

"I was then saying in my mind,

That never reached my brain;

My mind was with the world of men,

And I was not at all at rest."

AT THE AGE OF 15.

dreamland, but who did not therefore shut his eyes to the stern duties and realities of life.

“Anon I heard
In tones most thrillingly distinct and clear,
That shook and echoed through my transcend soul,
‘Mortal ! thou hast God’s work on earth to do ;
Linger not idly gazing—dream no more !’ ”

Like so many earthly forecasts, this was doomed to disappointment. HARRY SAYERS had not long been in residence at Worcester College, Oxford, and had but partially drafted a copy of verses in competition for the Newdigate, when he was seized with a virulent fever, to which he presently succumbed. The possibility of such a fate seems to be shadowed forth in several of his compositions. In common with a large circle of friends I was startled and distressed ; and yet who can say that this young life was lived in vain ? Even at this distance of time his memory is so fresh and green, that a desire to possess his verses in print has given rise to the present publication. Doubtless He who does all things well, and who holds the keys of death, opened the gates of Paradise at the right time, however mysterious and inscrutable such a dispensation must always appear to by-standers.

And as I trace these words, those other lines of his recur to my thoughts :—

“ I saw them weeping o’er my tomb,
Their sorrow touched my breast ;
I grieved, and wish’d their tearful gloom
Could see me calm at rest.”

*Thornleigh, Bournemouth,
Michaelmas, 1890.*

AT THE AGE OF 15.

ISRAEL.

I.

O faithless Israel ! in thy blindness vain,
 Headlong presumptuous in thy tott'ring sway,
 Think'st thou to tower to heaven, to rule the plain,
 Or dazzle nations with thy fading ray ?
 Lost 'mid thy guilt and in thy pride astray,
 Soon ! soon ! the earth shall in thy ruin quake—
 And Judah weep upon her last decay,
 Submissive then her sinful eyes awake,—
 To see her Salem totter and her kingdom shake.

II.

Alas, in vain ! thy sacred prophets spake,—
 To warn thee in thy headlong guilty course,
 Could nought thy nature, or thy conscience shake,
 Not e'en the threat'nings of prophetic force,
 To tinge thy soul with grief or rouse remorse,
 To drop the tear, to weep upon the shrine,
 Of some respected seer to mourn the loss,
 And seek with joy the Saviour's welcome sign ?
 No—in thy guilt o'erwhelmed thy heart did ne'er repine.

III.

Let fancy ope the scene of gliding time,
 Unfold the curtain of forgotten days,
 And sorrow touch thee with a grief sublime,
 Or paint thy conscience with her plaintive lays ;
 Then slow thy weeping eyes with fervour raise,
 To view the phantasy of days long fled,
 Now rolls from time o'erwhelmed the misty haze ;
 Lo ! Israel toils, lo ! now from bondage led,
 In darkness, conquered Egypt wails her first born dead.

IV.

On that first passover the heavenly ray
 Did shower celestial light when all was gloom,
 And led thee from that midnight far away.
 But now—how diff'rent the impending doom,
 Descends like chaos with her sable gloom !
 Thou art in darkness and the world in light :
 Such deeds are thine, thou art a living tomb
 Where vice and murder walk bedecked with white
 As if to hide their guilty crimes from mortal sight.

V.

Lo ! at the outstretched rod the heaving main,
 High surging, rolls its waves, a passage free
 Amid the whirling gulf now rent in twain ;
 Like mountains tower to heaven, so this vast sea
 Heaves up, the abyss black as obscurity.
 Now Israel mounts the stern yet welcome shore,
 While Egypt trembles and attempts to flee ;
 When o'er the deep with one loud fearful roar
 Confusion, death, descend, and Pharoah is no more.

VI.

With flame transplendent did the fiery cloud,
 Heaven's bright shechinah lead the weary way ;
 Yet still to idol gods thy knee was bowed,
 Still led by sinfulness from heaven away.
 Fierce murmurs rose, yea you even cursed the day
 On which you left the fell Egyptian shore ;
 Rebelled against the leader's lenient sway,
 Despised his counsels and defied his law :
 The cries of murmur rose like ocean's rising roar,

VII.

When led to Canaan's land by power divine,
With evil thoughts thy mind was roused to ire,
To plot each other's fall with base design,
And worship Satan, that ungodly one,
Who lost heaven's kingdom, hurled to endless fire,
Mid countless legions fell with terror riven—
A judgment upon him who dared conspire
Against the ethereal dome : such power is given
To crush with hideous ruin those who rise 'gainst heaven.

VIII.

Borne through the weeping air the tearful wail
Did load the mournful wind with sorrow deep ;
And echoed far above fair Kinnom's vale,
Where Israel did the rights of Moloch keep.
Such hellish deeds were theirs, they seemed asleep
'Mid one vast dream of Devilry and shame :
E'en nature seemed to tremble o'er and weep
While Judah's children passed the idol flame,
'Twould take all Heaven's tears to wash that off thy name.

IX.

Repent thee Israel ! vain the prophet cried,
Repent thee ! for thy fall now draweth nigh,
Thy sins are swollen like the rolling tide,
Destruction hovers in the lowering sky,
As when a cloud that slowly moves on high
To burst with fury on the outstretched plain,
Soon ! soon in desolation thou shalt sigh
Amid thy ruin and amid thy slain,
Mark'd with the vengeful brand of guilt, a deadly stain.

X.

"O Salem! Salem!" did the Saviour weep,
"O thou who ston'st thy prophets sent from heaven,
I would have lulled thee oft in peaceful sleep
Like as the hen her brood, had not ye striven
Against my power; but now to judgment given,
Thy shrine, O Salem, shall in fragments fall,
Ay, e'en thy temple, into ruin riven,
Thy stones dissevered, leave the tottering wall,
While desolation throned, shall spread her ghastly pall."

XI.

O hour of misery! oh hour of woe,
The darkest scene of time's eternal course,
Earth never felt so deep a stain or blow,
Heaven never looked upon so sad a loss.
Nature did ne'er sustain such deep remorse,
The sun refused his beam, the moon her light,
The stars through fear did wander in their course,
Despairing clouds did seem the earth to blight,
Trembling Hell shook her depths: and all seemed endless
night.

XII.

If ever man did seem a fiend in form,
If ever Hell did seem to hold a sway,
If ever purity did earth adorn,
Both reigned supreme upon that darkest day;
Yet then indeed a stain was washed away,
So great a sacrifice was ne'er to heaven giv'n,
Nor earth e'er had so pure a lamb to slay,
Or ever man so great a crime forgiven,
Or hell received so great a shock by virtue riven.

XIII.

Lo! bleeding on the cross, in mortal pain,
The Saviour prays, " Father, forgive them,
They know not what they do. Oh let the rays
Of heaven's bright truth descend like soothing rain
To cleanse their hearts, the weary to sustain."
Thus spoke the Saviour in His fleeting breath,
Pierced by the sins of man ; to cleanse the stain,
He gave Himself to feel the pangs of death ;
And blessed his slayers 'mid His woe and sinking breath.

XIV.

But scarce the sun had reached his mid-day course,
Speeding his way upon the weeping sky,
When heav'n frowned o'er that redeeming cross,
The wind then heaved a long and mournful sigh,
And all was wrapped in darkness from on high ;
Strange forms of terror seemed to flit around,
The moon was pale, the earth it seemed to die,
All nature still, as if with Satan bound,
Such was the sable gloom, the sky like thunder frowned.

Note.—The remaining part lost.

HARVEST.

Sing, muse, how when the earth, revolving round
 Its ponderous mass of nature and of life,
 Making alternate night to change to day
 And day to night, the seasons in their course
 Each in their turn with their own subjects reign.

First, blooming Spring, the birth of nature's life—
 The springing of the new year from the old,
 When all things green in sweet perfection are ;
 The earth, once dead, bursts forth to life again,
 And, clothed afresh in verdure green, it smiles ;
 The mountains echo back the tuneful song
 Of myriad birds that fly the living air,
 Exceeding glad because of thee, O Spring.

Then glowing Summer, with refulgent heat,
 The youthful year comes on with joyful tread,
 And all the earth most fertile welcomes her ;
 The sun, with pointed ray, on Cancer shines,
 With his warm beams the grass is turned to hay.

Now cooling zephyrs, blown upon the breeze
 With murm'ring voices please the list'ning ear ;
 At night the thunder, with deep-sounding roar,
 Shakes the whole earth—it trembles all around,
 As when the Almighty spoke from Sinai's brow.
 With all its varied hues, sad Autumn next,
 Its fields of corn and falling off of leaves,
 And mournful winds that sweep in gusts around.

Last, grey-haired Winter with his snowy train,
 And fields of ice, and leafless trees all bare ;
 Both hill and dale in one white garment clad,
 The shaggy icicle bedecks the trees,
 Dark clouds on high, a whiten'd ground below,
 And all is bleak and weird.—

Thus, aged Time,

Like as a flood that rushes o'er the ground,
Too deep to fathom, and too wide to span,
Too strong to stop, for everlasting rolls,
Effacing all things in its mighty course.

Close in his rear an object weird appears,
Like a cold shadow, flitting to and fro,
An orbless skull, disjointed, raitling limbs ;
Fleshless, yet moving with tremendous strides :
A dreaded javelin shakes he in his hand,
Barbed with those ills well known to mortal man,
A grizzly terror and a goblin wrath.
Death is his name,—the eldest child of sin ;
For since by sin he came into this world,
When our first parents ate forbidden fruit,
Death with destruction came, and all our woe.

With fear men tremble when they see him near,
A horror creeps o'er all unless prepared,
With all our power we struggle to escape,
And but avoid him for another time.

The aged miser, counting o'er his gold—
Ill-gotten gains, with which he's done no good—
Clutches his ore,—and, clutching, shrinks he back,
Fearful of him who, with tremendous power,
Would hurl him headlong from his hoarded gains
To that great Judge who, with His searching eye,
Knows all our sins, both opened and concealed ;
Who, with a voice that rends the firmament—

“ Unhappy wretch, on earth what hast thou done ?
What good unto thy fellow-creatures there ?
What hast thou with thy one talent gained ? ”

Then shall the wretch, with trembling tongue, say this :
“ Thy talent, Lord, is as thou gave it me.”

Jehovah, then, with thunder-rending voice—
“ Depart, unfaithful servant, to the place

Where's heard the grating sound of gnashing teeth,
 And dreadful woe, where fiends eternal reign."
 This, then, is Death, when to a sinner's bed
 He comes and shakes his ever-dreaded dart ;
 He takes both young and old, both good and bad,
 And cares he nought if but he gets his prey—
 Who, with grey-headed Time, moves slowly on
 O'er all the earth ; with them each hour runs out,
 And days roll on to months and months to years,
 Thus this great universe turns slowly round.

* * * *

When Sol's fierce rays pour on fair Virgo's sign,
 And Libra's scale with its unequal load,
 While all the country round in Autumn clad,
 And golden fields of waving corn, all ripe,
 Bends to the cooling breeze that sweeps around,
 Ready for harvest and the reapers' hands ;
 The fruit trees, drooping with their precious load,
 Foretel the coming harvest nearly come ;
 And all rejoice to see the bounteous store,
 All haste with eager hands to take it in,
 And thank His goodness who this bounty sent.

Be this my song, and, singing, may I praise
 Him, who from darkness void made this great world—
 Both sun and moon, and planets rolling round,
 And those mysterious, mystic meteors bright—
 E'en all the firmament and moving air.

* * * *

Lo ! in the East Aurora's silver car
 With dewy reins mounts up the rising dawn,
 And crimson clouds lie dappled in her wake.

The stars now dimly shine, and, one by one,
 Depart the sky and sink from mortals' gaze,
 As in the eastern heaven's utmost verge
 On the horizon, with refulgent ray,

The god of day appears, and brightly shines
 O'er hill and dale and running, murm'ring streams,
 Clothing all nature with a glowing hue ;
 The birds, arising, tune their mournful song ;
 The blinking owl flies lazy through the air,
 Blind with excessive light and youthful morn,
 He seeks the covert of some hollow tree.
 The sun shines on the straw-thatched village there,
 Which in a shady nook sequester'd lies ;
 Perch'd on a rustic gate, a noisy cock,
 With clarion voice, proclaims it is the morn ;
 His mate, the hen, with cackling voice responds
 That she has laid an egg in her warm nest,
 And clucks with joy to let the world all know.

The sunbeams shine o'er yonder holy pile,
 Ruggèd, agèd, and which Father Time
 Has marked with ages as he passèd o'er
 Its stone-built gothic tower, which many a time
 Has peal'd forth merrily through the morning air ;
 The hermit rooks their rugged nests built there,
 And, doleful, caw with croaking voice all day.

O'er all the porch the mantling ivy creeps ;
 O'er many a tomb, where rest the peaceful dead,
 The wild flowers run luxuriant in their growth—
 On these the sun shines with his joyful beam,
 He wakes the hamlet with his piercing ray ;
 The milkmaid's song comes on the breezy wind,
 As with her pail she sings along her way ;
 The shepherd tunes his pipe to call his sheep,
 And, piping, wends his way o'er yonder hill.

Forth come the reapers, with their sickles bright,
 Each from his homely cot his way proceeds,
 With well-filled wallets strapped across their backs,
 And brightened sickles, which would near outshine
 The moonbeam's ray, which on some rippling stream

A path of silver makes its surface o'er.
 The friendly concourse now their way proceed
 O'er meadows green and hedges decked with flowers,
 Through woody coverts, which th' autumnal sun
 Has turn'd to diff'rent hues most picturesque ;
 On which trees, croaking, perch some rustic crows,
 Who caw their anger at being thus disturbed.

Of them unmindful pass the reapers on,
 Liv'ning the air with morning talk they pass,
 And now and then a song breaks through the breeze.

SONG OF THE REAPERS.

Merrily through the morning air
 We pass o'er field and hill,
 Through coverts bright in the morning light,
 O'er murm'ring streams and rill.
 We pass o'er the purple mountains,
 When the sun's scarce in the sky,
 When the moon is sinking in the west,
 And the stars are still on high.
 We hear the rising lark
 Mount with the rising morn,
 Through the clouds upon the breeze
 To us his song is borne.
 We see rise up the rosy east,
 The god of day appear,
 Bright'ning all nature with his beams,
 Which shine both far and near.
 But, singing, to the cornfields
 We onward take our way,
 And with our sickles shining bright,
 We cut the live-long day ;
 But at calm eve the fields we leave
 At sun's departing ray.

The song now ended, still the reapers pass
 Across the country, and through num'rous fields
 O'er yonder rustic bridge of oaken planks ;
 Beneath, a stream, where swim the finny tribe—
 The speckled trout, caught by the tempting fly,
 Where many an angler throws the barbed hook.

* * * *

This self-same bridge had seen this rippling stream
 Run, frighten'd, 'tween its banks all red with blood
 From many a gory corpse that lowly laid
 By the foemen's sharpen'd steel and death's fierce hand ;
 Many a flower that, formed for sprinkling dew,
 Felt its enamelled cup fill high with blood,
 And, shrinking, dropt with its unusual load ;
 Many an insect, which from leaves and herbs
 Derived its colour, delicate and soft,
 Was stained anew that day with dying men,
 And marked its frightened course with bloody track ;
 The many-coloured butterfly took blood
 Into the air on its celestial wings.

Nature seem'd chang'd amid those dying groans ;
 The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence
 From sullen pool collected in the prints
 Of many human feet and horses hoofs
 That trod the ground ; the one prevailing hue
 Lower'd and glimmer'd at the setting sun.
 Crops were sown, and crops were gather'd in,
 The crimson stream ran on its wonted course ;
 Men whistled at the plough that turn'd the ground ;
 In quiet groups were seen the haymakers ;
 Sheep and oxen pastured on this land—
 This very field where rag'd the bloody strife,
 Where, sail'd o'er in triumph, gory arm'd,
 His dreaded javelin shook he in his hand,
 And gather'd in his harvest far and wide.

At first were seen amidst the growing wheat
 Ill-omened patches of a dark green shade,
 At which the reapers looked with awe and fear,
 For there 'twas known lay buried shattered limbs ;
 The husbandmen who ploughed those dark green spots
 Shrunk from the monstrous worms abounding there ;
 The sheaves they yielded were for many a year
 Called battle sheaves : they all were set apart,
 And no one ever knew a battle sheaf
 To be among the last at harvest home.

* * * *

To this same field the reapers wend their way,
 Undo the wicket gate, and onward go
 Along the narrow path until they come
 Unto the part which has not yet been cut.
 Arrived there, each takes off his coat,
 Prepares his weapon for the fatal cut
 Which rends the corn from off the stubble bare ;
 Some now bend down and put their arm around
 The waving wheat, and bring the sickle sharp
 Unto the back, and draw it straight towards
 Their breasts, until it has the straw cut through ;
 'Tis then thrown down in rows and equal lines,
 Ready for those who bind it up in sheaves.
 The farmer comes and looks with joyful eye,
 And satisfaction lightens all his face
 To see the golden field abound with sheaves,
 And pay the labour of the early year.
 The youthful gleaners next, with bended head,
 O'er all the ground for fallen ears they seek,
 And, careful, store them in their aprons white.

The farmer's cart that, going to and fro,
 Has taken many a golden store each day
 Unto the shelter of yon friendly barn,
 Now patient for its harvest burden waits.

* * * *

Lo! yonder comes the car, the latest load—
The last of all the field—the harvest home.
With coloured leaves, fair flowers, and ears of corn
The horses are decked out, and proudly walk
With steps majestic, as if sensible
That they the joy of all are bringing in.

The sheaf that last was cut—last gathered in,
Is placed above the top of all, and waves
Unto the breeze that sweeps the fertile earth ;
'Tis decked out amid its golden ears,
Made gay to look on, and to wave about,
Are ribbons, heather, woodbine, and wild thyme,
Convolvus, trailing like a train behind.
Not only these, but others numerous,
The latest in the train of Summer's glow.
Lo! on the first horse see a maiden flower—
A lovely virgin, clad in snowy white ;
Upon her head she has a wreath of corn ;
She carries in her hand a bunch of wheat,
Bound with the brightest of fair nature's jewels ;
But none can rival her fair countenance—
Open, sweet as any blushing rose,
Like to that goddess fair whose sire was Jove—
Venus by name, the fairest of fair sex,
Goddess of beauty, fair and without guile.

* * * *

The barriers green which skirt the village way,
A golden toll take from the golden car ;
The overhanging boughs catch at the sheaves,
And many an ear of corn on high is hung,
Which in the winter feeds the chirping birds.

* * * *

In sight the village is, and all rush out,
Each from his home, to welcome in the load.

They welcome in the load with joyous shouts ;
 The sturdy blacksmith swings his hammer round
 As if it were a stick of hazelwood ;
 Maidens fair, all decked in gayest robes,
 Strewing flowers, and throwing glances, which
 Make many a lover's heart beat fast with joy.

Stooping and toothless age, with shaking hand
 Raised to the ear to catch the passing noise,
 Beside a mossy-covered paling sits,
 Holding the hand of some fair grandchild there.

The waggon onward goes, 'mid loud hurrahs
 From old and young, who cluster round its sides.
 The village fiddler heads the rustic train
 With scraping hot upon his untuned strings,
 Beneath the glare of the autumnal sun.

The village alehouse, gay with flags hung out,
 For many a pint the reapers there have drunk,
 And gallons sent into the harvest field,
 Beside what else the farmer has allowed.
 The landlord shouts and welcomes in the corn—
 Also the reapers with a jug of ale
 To quench their thirst, for they are almost choked
 With dust and shouting as they came along.
 The rosy children dance upon the road,
 With garments rent and heads besmeared with dust,
 Unto the ancient country tune, which played
 By th' one-eyed fiddler as he hops along,
 Heading the rural train of harvest home.

A little further up, the farm-house stands ;
 The gates that lead unto the large stack yard
 Are open wide, and in there may be seen
 Great stacks of corn, which speak about his wealth ;
 Num'rous hay-ricks of his acres broad.
 See, there he stands, within his best blue coat ;
 His happy wife beside him has his arm,

And, smiling, welcomes all the comers in,

The waggon-load is now drawn up in front
 Beneath some spreading trees, whose branches meet
 Twisting together—twisting in and out,
 Forming a roof of nature's different hues :
 All here stay to have the dance and song.

The lasses in their gayest garments clad—
 Garments white bedeck'd with num'rous flowers ;
 Their hair done up in some fantastic way,
 And tiny shoes, to show their pretty feet—
 Angelic shap'd, as from their robes they peep.
 Each have their partners now and join in ring,
 And dance around the corn ; now separate,
 Turn to each other, cross their feet, and dance.
 To tire each other out is what each seeks,
 They, twirling, trip the light fantastic toe.

Beneath the tree the old ones sit, and view
 The movements of each sparkling damsel fair,
 Or tell the tale of years that have gone by.
 The dance now o'er, the ale is passèd round ;
 A song's propos'd, and all wish for a song,
 And ask the reapers to begin at once
 About the harvest of some other year,
 Or any other song agreeable.

SONG OF THE REAPERS.

Lads and lasses merrily
 The flowing cup pass round,
 Because we have our harvest in
 All ready to be ground ;
 For we have toiled many a day
 Beneath a burning sky ;
 But now it is all storèd up,
 Both corn, wheat, oats, and rye.

For I have seen the heavens bright
 With dark clouds lower down,
 And the ethereal firmament
 Black with the tempest's frown :
 And with a loud resounding rush
 Come pouring down the rain,
 Sweeping all the cornfields
 Upon the fertile plain,
 And all the pleasant meadows
 Swamp'd with the waters round,
 As from the lofty mountains
 The floods rush o'er the ground ;
 But we, though we have labour'd,
 We worked, for it was right,
 Until we had our harvest stack'd—
 A golden harvest bright.
 So let us all be joyful now,
 And give both thanks and praise
 Unto the One that sent us this—
 Your fervent voices raise ;
 For, fancy, if cruel famine
 Were to raise his hand on high,
 And on the blast his wings to spread,
 Full many a one would sigh.
 Or death, with his cruel dart, were now
 To strike some fatal blow—
 Within our peaceful village here
 To lay some person low.
 Or plague, or war, with direful arms,
 Should raise the direful cry,
 And, with the hamlets blazing,
 Should, rising, dark the sky.
 'Tis right we should be joyful now,
 'Tis right we should give praise ;
 So, rustics, in our Father's name,
 Your joyful voices raise.

The last shout given from the motley group—
 A lusty shout it was, and heard afar,
 Both hills and mountains echo back the sound,
 Which slowly in the distance dies away,
 And all go in to eat their harvest feast.

* * * *

The glorious sun descends the glowing West,
 And cooling zephyrs blow along the air,
 Forming the num'rous clouds, that dappled be,
 Into most wondrous forms, all rosy hued,
 Like chains of mountains running north and south,
 Castled hills and cliffs, and shadowy glens,
 Or tinted isles within a sea of light,
 Sailing along as if on crimson wings,
 Bright with the light of that great sinking orb.

* * * *

Now dewy night flies up the eastern sky,
 And sable darkness glides round nature's host ;
 Sleep—nature's nurse—spreads out her dreamy wings,
 And lulls in many a cot an infant child ;
 E'en rugged mountains seem to nod and dream,
 As if with drowsy sleep they were confined.

The busy bee forgets her daily toil ;
 The chirping songsters hang the drooping wing ;
 Asleep, they roost within the shady grove,
 By nature's nurse subdued. All now is hushed,
 Except the owl, who, from yon blasted oak,
 Sends forth discordant wail, and screeching hoots,
 With dismal moan, echoing round about,
 With terror striking he who lies awake
 Under pale superstition's hideous wand.

Fair Luna's car floats up th' ethereal sky ;
 The queen of night, who, with celestial rays,
 The hills surrounding tips with silver bright ;
 Upon the stream a path of silver makes.
 Fit time for fairies, who would joyful dance

Amid the verdure of yon shining glen,
And joyful hold their midnight revels there.

Close by the radiant moon, a maiden fair,
With fairy light the ev'ning star beams forth ;
And heaven's windows all are opened wide,
Pouring celestial light o'er all the earth.

* * * *

The heavens, o'er cast with leaden-colour'd clouds,
Foretell a tempest's wrath ; the firmament
Unto the zenith roars with frowning eye ;
The spirit of the storm, now spreading out
Its sable wings upon the darken'd blast,
Now with a flash, that lightens all around,
The heavens open and rebound with crash,
The deep-voiced thunder rolls o'er all the hills ;
Again comes forth that glare—a lurid flash,
A fiery ball on fiery coursers flew,
And forkèd lightning darting all about ;
It rends a mighty oak that rearing stands
Its splendid head unto the darken'd sky.
The crash that followed scarce can be described ;
'Twas like as when an earthquake shakes the ground,
And bursts in twain an adamantine rock,
The fiery cavern's roar beneath a hill,
And, roaring, bursts into a livid flame,
Shaking the earth for many a mile around.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING.

Remember when the darkest cloud
Shrouds o'er the deep blue sky,
And the tempest's blast blows keen and fast
With a black and frowning eye,
When the great and boundless ocean
Moved by the tempest's din,
Roars like a boiling cauldron
And rolls its breakers in ;
Remember when you see the storm,
And hear the shrieking wind,
Though dark and drear the cloud appear,
It is with silver lined.
So banish care, be merry now,
And let your hearts be light,
Remember that the darkest cloud
Has a silver lining bright.

REVELATION IX.

The angel sounded, and lo ! from afar,
High from the heavens fell a falling star
Straight from the welkin to the earth it fell
Charged with the mission of the key of hell,
Hell he opened and there issued forth
A sickening smoke as of a furnace wrath,
The air is darkened and the god of day
Scarce through the vapour sends his brilliant ray,
Locusts, issuing from the opening, rise
And upward flying darken all the skies ;
A sting like scorpions, they have power to bring
A thousand ills on man with their small sting,
For unto them was given this command,
“ Eat not the grass upon the fertile land,
Nor tree, nor herb, or any fruitful thing,
Destroy not, hurt not with your fatal sting,
Neither they who to the Almighty kneel,
But only those without the Godhead’s seal.
These, ye creatures from the burning fire,
Torment for five months with your torture dire.”
In those days men shall loudly call die,
And all the land shall hear the piercing cry,
When those days come will mortals call for death
And seek the time for their departing breath,

I see the locusts, and as when the roar
Of armoured charges rushing to the war,
Their heads surmounted with a golden crown,
Their faces glowing as a warrior's frown ;
As when a maiden's hair streams to the wind,
So these vile insects' hair flows down behind.
Fangs they have in form like to the lion,
Breastplates, too, breastplates made of iron.
When massive chariots roll along the ground,
And shake the earth for many a mile around,
These creatures, flying, make a similar sound.
As king o'er them there reigns the prince of hell,
That angel wicked, who from Heaven fell,
Who in the Hebrew tongue called Abaddon,
But in the Greek his name Apollyon.
One sad woe its direful course has run
O'er all the earth, but lo ! two more shall come.

THE OPENING OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

I raised my eyes above, and there beheld
 An opening made in heaven's celestial gates,
 And first I heard a thrilling voice which said,
 "Come hither, and I'll shew thee things to come,
 Things which foretell the end of this great world."
 Moved with the spirit, I to heaven rise,
 And lo! in heaven a heavenly throne I saw,
 And the celestial Being sat thereon,
 Refulgent as the jasper's glimm'ring glow
 Encompass'd round the throne a rainbow was,
 A rainbow like an emerald to sight.
 Lo! four and twenty seats were placed around,
 As many aged elders sat thereon,
 And golden crowns enclosed their snowy locks.
 From that celestial seat on every side,
 Forked lightning, thunder, mighty voices came,
 And seven lamps of fire for ever burned,
 Which are the spirits of the Son of God.
 Before the throne there was a crystal sea,
 And in the midst, and round about the place
 Four beasts stood, with many thousand eyes.
 Within the hand of that celestial one
 A massive book I saw with seven seals bound.
 And then a mighty angel spoke aloud,
 "Who is there worthy here to loose these seals?"

* * * *

The Lamb stood forth and rent in twain a seal,
 I hear the thunder rumble through the earth;
 And one of the four beasts said "come and see,"
 I came, I saw, and lo! a horse all white,
 And he that sat thereon did bear a bow,

A crown was given unto him ; he went
 Forth in the world conq'ring and to conquer.
 Another seal was broken ; then I saw
 Another horse, its colour red as blood,
 And he thereon had power to make men war,
 And in his hand he had a mighty sword.
 The third seal next was opened, and I saw
 A charger, black as midnight, he thereon
 A pair of scales did bear within his hands,
 And in the midst I heard a voice that said—

“ Χοῖνιξ σίτου δηναρίου, καὶ τρεῖς
 Χοίνικες κριθῆς δηναρίου· καὶ τὸ
 ἔλαιον καὶ τὸν οἶνον μὴ ἀδικήσης.”

The fourth seal was broken, and I looked and saw
 Death on the pale horse, with him followed hell,
 Unto them was given power to kill,
 And shed much blood in many different ways,
 The mortals of the fourth part of this world.
 Scarce had the fifth been opened, when I saw
 Those that were martyrs to the word of God,
 Slain for the testimony which they held,
 Who with loud voices crying, “ Lord, how long,
 Holy and true, dost Thou not perpetrate,
 Judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell
 Upon the earth ” : thus said the saints, and they
 Were answered thus by the Immortal One,
 “ A little season wait, until they come
 Who are your brethren ; at this time on earth,
 Who must be slain, that all may be fulfilled.”
 The sixth seal opened, I beheld, and lo !
 The earth by an earthquake moved, did groan and shake
 The orb of day became like sackcloth black,
 The fairy moon turned red as dripping gore,
 From heaven fell the stars unto the earth,
 E'en as the fig tree casts her greenest leaves

When she is shaken by a mighty wind ;
As when a scroll is rolled, so all the sky
Departed from the sight of mortal man,
The rugged mountains that adorn the land,
The fertile islands that bedeck the sea,
Were near destroyed by that great earthquake's force ;
The kings of many nations, nations too
Prayed to the mountains, and said " Fall on us,
Conceal us from His Face, and wrath to come,
For who is able fearless now to stand."

STONEHENGE.

I.

On Salisbury plain in broad array
An ancient temple stands,
For years have passed and many a day
Since Druids walked those lands.

II.

Its hard to tell how those huge blocks
Were thus in form arrayed,
And cut so straight from rugged rocks,
And to this place conveyed.

III.

For when the Druids used to be,
They were in circle ranged,
And laid across, you can now see,
For some remain unchanged.

IV.

Were you by fancy carried back
Some centuries ago,
And placed upon this Salisbury plain
Where now the cattle low.

V.

You'd see, in snow white robes arrayed,
The Druids march along
With gleaming torches in their hands,
And chanting mournful song.

VI.

They pass around that temple high,
Where now is nought but waste,
And bring their victims led along
With chains around their waist.

VII.

They lead them up that dreaded nave,
And to that marble stone,
And offer them to idol gods,
'Mid many a shriek and groan.

VIII.

Alas ! how many victims there
To sun and moon were slain,
And blood around that altar spilt,
Which cannot be again.

IX.

For now we have the gospel preached,
And civ'lization spread,
And nought remains of those dread deeds,
Except what I have said.

X.

How thankful ought we not to be
In this bright island home,
Where formerly such blood was shed,
And Druids reigned alone.

AT THE AGE OF 16.

THE OLD WORLD JOINED TO THE NEW

WITH THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

I.

O, thou mysterious sea, whose mighty waves
Strike chords sublime with ever ceaseless roar—
Ah! tell to me how, 'mid thy wondrous caves,
Science hath linked a chain from shore to shore,
Drawing the bonds of peace, where ne'er before
Did mortal dare to pierce that mystic main,
Whose billows roll'd disjoin'd in days of yore,
Tuning their mournful dirge in echoing strain,
And, but for Heaven's decree, had thus for ever lain.

II.

Say, first, why He, at whose tremendous voice
Heaven's dome resounds, and shakes the depths of hell,
Did fix on man His ever-mindful choice
To make so fair a sphere for him to dwell
In happiness for e'er. Such love doth tell
Us mortals here of some great power unknown
Beyond this life's deep, hollow-sounding knell :
Gaze but around, where Nature's breath hath blown
The fragrant bloom of life—Heaven's love beams forth alone.

III.

Long years have made their sepulchre in Time
 Since when from forth the radiant dome on high,
 Borne through ethereal air—came Nature's prime
 To chaos void, where neither earth nor sky,
 But endless night, in turmoil dread did lie :
 Heaven brooded o'er the deep and vast abyss,
 Spreading her pinions o'er eternity ;
 Then chaos sank to nought with dismal hiss,
 The earth all chaste appeared, bedewed with ocean's kiss.

IV.

The sea then woo'd the beach of friendly climes,
 And whispered tales of love from shore to shore :
 But these did not remain, for darker times
 Cast shadows grim, and roused the shout of war ;
 Then howled the tempest's blast, for lo ! its roar
 Moaned o'er the state of man, and hushed to sleep
 Unnumber'd ones, who sank to rise no more
 Till they should wake their many sins to reap :
 Still moans the sea o'erhead, their memory to keep.

V.

An oaken stave can not resist alone
 The strength of man—it breaks with ease in twain :
 Torn from the mighty forest where 'twas grown,
 It lacks the strength or power to bear the strain ;
 But when with others clasped, it may disdain
 Man's highest power to make its vigour break :
 So nation joined with nation, plain with plain —
 Heart, soul, and mind together, nought can shake :
 Union defies the world, while ruptures ruin make.

VI.

Oh ! what a work of magnitude and form,—
 To span the ocean with the fire of Heaven—
 To hurl the lightning's current through the storm,
 Battling the elements in fury riven,—
 The very powers of Nature freely given
 With novel force, to aid the vast design
 Of drawing nations nearer—long since driven,
 By Discord fell, to war through years of time,
 But now, by Heaven's high love, fast link'd from clime to
 clime !

VII.

Methinks I see the present and the past,
 Tinged by the fantasies of fancy's dream,—
 Kingdoms, alas ! too great in scorn to last ;
 Where Murder drew the sword with deadly gleam,
 While Pride, enthroned aloft, did sway the stream
 Of reckless might and unrestricted power.—
 Fair whited sepulchres, where nought did seem
 That which it truly was—a tott'ring tower ;
 For Pride destroys a state, and Discord has her dower.

VIII.

By such are kingdoms ruined, realms o'erthrown,
 Rent from their proud foundation's trembling clay :
 Time flies o'erhead, and now Destruction, grown
 In fabric vast of desolate decay,
 Unfolds the tale of ages rolled away—
 A silent prophet to the passer-by,
 Slowly re-echoing still the mournful lay
 Of glories past, while Discord's ruins lie,
 And sea and wind do join in tearful harmony.

IX.

Wail ! wail ! ye elements, in your wild despair :
 War drives his chariot with a whirlwind's blast ;
 On manhood's brow sits deep and faded care ;
 Earth mourns her cities, into ruins cast.
 Howl ! oh, thou wind, for Peace and Splendour past :
 Howl ! oh, thou wind, amid the dark'ning gloom
 Of ages hurled on ages, dimly clasped
 In ruin huge—a fair yet cursèd tomb :—
 Such fate be Discord's dower, such woe be Discord's doom.

X.

Oh ! hide such scenes of deep and vague despair !
 Such are the past—oh, such be past for ever :
 Let Silence veil their legend's dismal care
 Till Time their bond of memory doth sever ;
 And in their warning let each realm endeavour
 Kingdoms to join with kingdoms, plain with plain,
 Bringing all lands in harmony together,
 Till Peace hath curbed the will of high Disdain,
 And Friendship shouts afar : Earth joined once more again.

XI.

Now view the present—like some rising state
 Which daily grows in glory and in might ;
 Nor proud in power, nor undermined by hate,
 But adding blocks of friendship to its height,
 Arrayed in splendour, yet in peace bedight ;
 Still rising—rising with its crest to heaven :
 And see ! fresh visions cast themselves in sight,
 E'en broader views of grace to mortals given :—
 So trees increase in size, and plants from seeds are riven.

XII.

The greatest ship the world did ever see
 Or ocean e'er did bear upon her breast
 Leaves England's shore mid glad festivity,
 While Science' latest work and highest test
 Slumbers within her bulwarks' mighty nest.
 A thousand English shouts rend English sky,
 And fire her sons departing towards the West,
 Whose joyous shouts send back their deep reply :
 Faith fondly breathes a prayer, Hope wings her flight on high.

XIII.

Then slowly sailing o'er the mighty deep,
 And leaving for a time their native land,
 Those valiant hearts prepare their vow to keep,
 And gaze in silence on the less'ning strand :
 They gaze in silence on those friends who stand—
 Those friends beloved, upon the fading shore,
 Who, weeping, turn to wave the trem'rous hand,
 And wish them safety mid the tempest's roar :
 Thus, then, they part—ay, part, perchance for evermore.

XIV.

As, when beneath the ocean's restless waves,
 A wondrous insect works with ceaseless care
 To raise a home above the myriad caves
 That lie unnumbered with their treasures there ;
 It daily toils, and daily doth prepare
 To add fresh coral to its beauteous isle,
 Till time doth raise amid the noontide air
 A lovely haven 'neath Heaven's bounteous smile,—
 So Science builds her fane, and rears her massive pile.

XV.

Great deeds are done by energy and toil,
Nor should a failure dash them to the ground ;
“ A drop of water doth not wear the soil,”
And courage will with victory be crowned.
All Nature teems with energy around ;
Hope wafts her breath, like Nature's evening wind,
And stirs the soul of man from grief profound,
Who in her presence doth a vigour find
To hurl despair to naught, and calm his weary mind.

XVI.

Lost ! lost ! in restless seas, but not for ever ;
Down ! down ! in ocean's depths mid caves unknown,
On that mysterious night, when man's endeavour
Back'd by so many prayers, appear'd o'erthrown !
Sunk from his sight—as sinks a precious stone
From one rejoicing. But fond Hope again
Inspires his breast to seek those depths unknown :
In hope he struggles with the raging main,
Till high success doth crown what once seem'd done in vain.

XVII.

Yoked is the lightning by the will of heaven,
The deadly whirlwind's sheen of fiery flame
Winged with the pangs of death, which erst hath riven
Huge rocks or towers of adamantine frame,
And hurled in hideous ruin, rent in twain,
Their quailing might, which nought on earth could shake,
Shattered and torn—as splits a willow cane :
A power at which the depth of hell would quake,
Is now to man assigned, a helpful tool to make.

XVIII.

Lo ! when the sea did feel her troubled waves
 To hold so great a work, she calmed her main,
 And murmured gently through her vaulted caves
 In measured numbers—oh ! so sweet a strain,
 That all the ocean seemed to surge again
 In symphony sublime ; to which the wind
 Replied in whispers o'er the list'ning plain,
 And told all nature how the earth should find
 An age of bliss and joy, with sorrows left behind.

XIX.

So then the palm trees waved their feathery plumes
 Beneath the smiling sky, and seemed to say—
 Hail ! bounteous earth, dispelled are all thy glooms,
 For man hath joined a peaceful world to-day ;
 Oh ! grief, be calm, and wipe thy tears away,
 Tis not for thee to weep ; oh ! joy arise,
 Breathe forth symphonious tones ; oh ! tune thy lay,
 Let melody now drown all plaintive sighs ;
 Ye stars of heaven, pour forth a strain from out the skies.

XX.

Rejoice, ye nations ! for the deed of toil
 Hath joined two worlds. On each receding shore
 Let shouts re-echo, for the mystic coil
 Hath traversed leagues beneath the breakers' roar.
 May Peace thus join us, may the shout of war
 No more be heard to rend the frowning sky ;
 But Friendship bind us fast from shore to shore,
 Till Heaven be pleased to look with gracious eye,
 And make our humble sphere a realm of harmony.

MARATHON.

Oh, weep for the souls of the brave,
Oh, weep for the souls of the slain,
Who, hurled to so early a grave,
Lay stretched on the Marathon plain.

Vain, vain was the boast of the Mede,
Though nations, disturb'd at his name,
In terror would urge the swift steed
From the voice of the Conqueror's claim.

They scan the fierce charge of the host,
And grimly they smile in their scorn ;
But the honour of Persia is lost—
Like a whirlwind of chaff they are borne.

Lo ! Athens exults o'er the foe,
Triumphant she shakes the red spear ;
And loudly is heard the fierce woe
Of Persia, fair Athens' fear.

Oh, maidens of Athens, rejoice !
Yet, weep for the souls of the brave ;
Let sorrow commingle the voice
For the warriors in Marathon's grave.

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

"nec jam amplius ullæ

Apparent terræ, cælum undique et undique pontus."

—VIRGIL.

Oh, ever-rolling, roaring, restless sea !
 Whose waves roll on to an eternity,
 As fall the sands of time ; thy billows rise
 With foamy crests towards the azure skies.
 The rocks return the ever-mournful roar
 With pleasing echoes from the winding shore ;
 From cliff to cliff the ever-ceaseless strain
 Swells like the zephyr o'er the heaving main
 With accents soothing to the troubled mind,
 And whispers gentle as the evening wind.

Oh, thou mysterious ocean ! why this grief ?
 Do passing ages bring you no relief ?
 Mourn you for those whose fleeting souls have fled—
 Whose names are numbered with the peaceful dead—
 Whose bodies slumber with unnoticed breath,
 Entombed in thee, fast in the embrace of death ?
 Sing you the dirge of those, oh, mighty deep,
 Or do you lull them in their gentle sleep ?

Roll, rage, and roar, thou ever-heaving main !
 Mourn o'er the dead beneath thy deep blue plain !
 Dash o'er thy rocks, and surge amid thy caves ;
 Chafe with thy foam, and thunder with thy waves ;
 Roll high tempestuous to the vaulted skies,

Like mountains crested, to the heavens rise ;
 Nought can on earth thy mighty power restrain—
 Roll on, roll on, thou ever-heaving main.

Oh, sweet it is, when Summer sheds her ray,
 To watch the ocean from a peaceful bay—
 The sparkling waves that slowly kiss the shore,
 As though no tempest there had raged before.
 All seems so calm upon that deep blue sea,
 Her breast unruffled, as though safe 'twould be
 To float oneself upon its placid wave,
 No danger near us, and no storm to brave.
 But ah, how changed ; if but a breeze should rise,
 Or clouds should mantle o'er those smiling skies,
 How soon would wave 'gainst wave disputing roll,
 Like passions roused within an angry soul.

When storms are loud, go view a rugged shore,
 Hear heaven thunder and the billows roar ;
 Mark, mark the tempest rise amid the gloom,
 Beating the death-knell over many a tomb !
 Say, did'st thou ever see so grand a sight
 As Nature wrestling with Titanic might ?
 Black is the vault of heaven from pole to pole,
 From earth to heaven the mighty billows roll !
 Wild shrieks the wind, the lightning speeds on high,
 The ocean mingles with the lowering sky ;
 Then crash on crash, rebounding, rolls around,
 Revealing might unknown amid the awful sound.

MAN FROM THIS WORLD OF SORROW GOES.

Man from this world of sorrow goes,
As quickly as the wind that blows,
To other lands and other climes—
To fairer realms and better times.

Woe and sorrow, pain and trouble,
Are but as some hollow bubble
Floating o'er the restless sea,
Soon to burst when joy shall be.

The mother, weeping o'er her child,
Mourns her loss in sorrow wild,
And gently smooths that seraph face :
Oh, death, must thou that form deface ?
The playful smile still resting there,
The dimpled cheek, the curly hair—
As if an angel hovered round
To dash death's conquest to the ground.

Oh, doth not this a lesson tell
That life is but a tinkling bell,
Whose echo doth not last ?
The world doth often breathe despair ;
But rest for mortals is not here—
'Tis when this life is past !
The smile that glows when life is fled
Doth tell a paradise o'erhead,
Beyond the dome on high :
When peace seems to have fled away—
When man moans o'er a darker day—
Hope points towards the sky.

TWILIGHT.

The day is beginning to slumber,
 The moon is beginning to rise ;
 The stars in a myriad number
 Are studding the deep blue skies.

The waves of the storm-swept ocean
 Are beating the dusky shore,
 And surging in endless motion
 Is the song of the tempest's roar.

The moon is all placidly shining ;
 'Tis silence o'er valley and hill—
 Save the nightingale's plaintive repining,
 And the splash of the battling rill.

As the soul that is way-worn and weary
 Fast sinks to a holier rest,
 Through the shadow of death, dark and dreary,
 Ascends to the home of the blest,

So the day, in the twilight declining,
 Fast fades in the darkness of night,
 On the morrow ascends brightly shining,
 Arrayed in the splendour of light,

STONEHENGE.

"Templa manent hodie vastis innixa columnis."—VIRGIL.

Wrapt in the pall of ruin, grim and drear,
The pile of ages and the abode of fear,
Where Superstition tinged the deep'ning gloom,
And gave the temple colours of the tomb,
Stands the vast wreck on Sarum's lonely plain—
A mighty remnant of a mighty fane.

Ye spirits, say, who in the days of yore
Cast lurid splendour on the tide of war—
Who rushed with fury on the wavering foe
To raise the falchion and to deal the blow,
Or sped in chariots o'er the quaking plain,
As whirlwinds swoop upon the raging main ;—
Say, how this temple viewed those rites unseen—
The midnight orgie 'neath the torches' gleam,
Where cries unnoticed found their way on high,
And told their sorrow to the listening sky.

Though years have passed, I see the Druid line
In solemn pomp within the frowning shrine,
Whose mighty columns cast a death-like shade,
And raise vast phantoms in the forest glade.
Mournful the chant disturbs the silent gloom—
The dirge and death-knell of the victim's doom.
Lo ! now the torches dye the midnight air ;
The rugged temple glows with hideous glare,
As though Tartarean fire had tinged the night
And left a vestige of Satanic might.

Oh, vain the cry of fear, the wail of woe ;
No mercy strives to stop the tearful flow ;
No justice weighs the scales with equal eye,
But Superstition drowns the victim's cry.
Ye gloomy shades, farewell ! May darkness veil
The unknown terrors of your dreary tale !
Till Time and Memory strike a league together,
And hide in silence all your woe for ever.

FORTUNE, LIKE NATURE.

I.

Fortune, like Nature, is now dark, now light—
 Alternate changing, like the veering wind,
 Which clouds the sky or makes the heavens bright ;
 For dark the cloud appears, though silver lined.

II.

Oh, weary seemeth Time to wing his course
 When Fortune bids the face of joy to flee ;
 Oh, harshly doth the tempest hurl its force
 When blows the wind upon a rising sea.

III.

Ah ! death to some is joy—to some is sorrow ;
 For sorrow mourneth o'er a mortal's tomb :
 Like this the raging sea oft on the morrow
 Mourns for the deeds of woe that she hath done.

IV.

But view the parting of the meek and lowly :
 Oh, peaceful, peaceful seems the soul to flee ;
 A calmness hovers round, like something holy—
 Like moonbeams falling on a placid sea.

OH, WHAT IS WORSE THAN BASE DECEIT.

I.

Oh, what is worse than base deceit
To perjure mortal soul,
If e'er it finds its cursed seat
Where thoughts of peace should roll.

II.

A life of woe, a life of pain,
Would better be than this —
To live a life with such a stain,
And lose immortal bliss.

NOW, MY DARLING, I MUST SORROW.

I.

Now, my darling, I must sorrow
Till I see thy face again,
Watching for the dawning morrow—
Then to call thy precious name.

II.

Need I say, when first I saw thee,
Of the joy that thrilled my heart ;
Need I say, when now I leave thee,
Of the pain for me to part.

I HEARD THE DEATH-WATCH TICKING.

I.

I heard the death-watch ticking drear and slowly,
When darkness o'er the earth did hold her sway ;
A something seemed to say it was supernal—
Someone unearthly calling me away.

II.

I listened—listened to the dismal tapping,
Then thought of gloomy tales and woful sorrow ;
I listened—listened to the frequent rapping,
And dared not think upon the dawning morrow ;—

III.

Of friends alive—of friends long since departed
To shades unknown, amid the realms of death.
Ah ! weary, weary me, near broken-hearted,
I seemed to count my own departing breath.

IV.

I listened—listened to the dismal tapping,
Counting the moments of my fleeting life ;
Oh, woful ! woful ! seemed that frequent rapping,
To hurl a mortal to immortal strife.

V.

I watched my taper flicker, as if trying,
Vainly, to keep its dwindling flame alight ;
The wind that swept around did seem as sighing—
Mourning the fate of some unhappy wight.

A MANSION OLD AND DREAR IT STOOD.

I.

A mansion, old and drear, it stood
 Begirt with many a tree ;
Where oft the screech owl flying would
 Cry forth discordantly.

II.

The gloomy turrets towered on high,
 As if old Time to scorn ;
For many a year had passed by,
 And many a fearful storm.

III.

The wind that swept the towers among
 Did moan in piteous strain,
As though bewailing deeds of wrong
 Of some unholy stain.

TO THREE YOUNG LADIES AT BOSTON
HOUSE, *Chiswick.*

To three, or one, perchance 'tis not them all—
But who can tell when hidden by a wall?
So now, fair maidens, I must bid adieu:
Whom can I give the ruthless victory to?
I leave the problem to be solved by you.
Oh, would you, heartless, seek to make me say
What reckless damsel snatched my heart away?
Is not the loss, forsooth, that I bewail
Enough to make the sternest mortal quail?
Will you, then, guilty, still increase my grief?
For, though I would, I cannot tell the thief.
Oh! how can I the loser dare to tell,
Or brave the hatred of a raging belle?
Full oft I think in pensive mood at night,
When shadows quiver 'neath a fitful light,
While stars their silent vigils keep on high,
And breathe inspiring love from out the sky,—
Then! then! I gaze, I think—ah! oft recall
Our stolen whispers 'neath the garden wall;
When fear and love did hold alternate sway
To clutch the victory and to clear the way.
But which of three assails my panting heart?
Cannot the owner of my love impart,
If Beauty storms a youth with threefold force,
To which fair culprit must he charge the loss?
A maiden's hard at any time to read,
But three together is a task indeed.

OH, MAIDS BOSTONIAN.

Oh, maids Bostonian, must I bid farewell
 To you, my loved ones, and your realms as well ?
 Will climes Bostonian never see my face
 Within the precincts of their learned place ?
 Will dames Bostonian ne'er behold the one
 Who called their damsels ere their tasks were done ?
 Oh, Time, whose scythe doth oft old friendships sever,
 For once be kind, and part us not for ever.

BOSTON HOUSE.

To you, oh, fair ones, I would raise my strain—
 To you, oh fair ones, I would sing again ;
 Oh, fortune ! grant to me a genial smile ;
 Oh ! dames Bostonian, shut your eyes awhile ;
 Oh ! maidens dwelling in Bostonian climes,
 Awake your hearing to Sairidian rhymes.

TO ———

I.

Oh, fair she was—oh, fairer ne'er could be ;
 Her eyes, like heaven's pure sky above,
 Did seem to pour forth endless love—
 But could it be to me ?

II.

We walked beside the ocean's pebbly shore,
 Ah ! happy, happy was the time ;
 The ocean murmured tones sublime
 Between each measured roar.

III.

I listened—listened to the words she said,
 The wind around her form was playing ;
 I scarcely knew what I was saying,
 By love so blindly led.

IV.

Oh ! should I ever see her face again,
 My love I then would tell her truly ;
 For 'tis a passion most unruly—
 Oh, can it be in vain ?

THE DAY IS FADING.

I.

The day is fading—fading fast,
 The shadows come and go ;
 Like this my life will soon be past,
 When death shall blow his hollow blast,
 To warn me here below,

'TIS SAD, THOUGH GRAND.

'Tis sad, though grand, to watch the sinking sun,
 When o'er the heavens its glorious course hath run ;
 To mark its gorgeous hue, the many dyes,
 That spread their radiance o'er the ambient skies ;—
 To watch the lovely tint fast fade in gloom,
 As if in sorrow for that passing bloom ;
 To hear, when night has veiled the solemn scene,
 And spread her pall upon the last faint gleam,
 The winds that sigh o'er each departing day,
 Like friends bemoan the lost one flown away.

OH, WOE IS ME !

I.

Oh, woe is me ! the wind is high,
 The night is dark and dreary ;
 There's not a star within the sky :
 Ah, me, I am a-weary !

II.

Earth has an angel less since she
 Left these dark realms beneath ;
 Ah ! heaven has ta'en my love from me,
 To make me smile at death.

III.

Farewell, farewell, my life ! my own !
 Why hast thou fled my sight ?
 Thou hast returned to that bright home
 Beyond this realm of night.

AT THE AGE OF 17.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS (PRIZE POEM).

Oh, time-worn city of the mighty dead,
 Whose days are number'd, and whose splendour's fled ;
 Whose desolation now preserves a name
 Bereft of glory, but entomb'd with fame !
 Is this thy pomp, oh Athens—this thy pride,
 Which poets praised, and time hath failed to hide ?
 Pale spectral monument of a glorious reign,
 Mourn o'er the ruins of thy stately plain !
 Mourn o'er the shatter'd frieze, the nameless bust,
 The fane half hidden in the sacred dust,
 The ruin'd monument, the tottering dome,
 Where pensive Fancy e'er is wont to roam.

Alas ! how sad—how fair this mournful scene,
 The last faint gleams of what thou once hast been !
 Where now the hum of men, the voice of life,
 The temple's pageant, and the worded strife ?
 Where now those marble fanes, those dread abodes,
 And where, oh, Athens, where thy faithless gods ?
 Chased by the power of Truth's all-piercing ray,
 They fled like phantoms from the light of day ;
 No more their pomp pours forth the mellow strain,
 Or treads with priestly state the verdant plain.
 No ! all is past on plain, or vine-clad hill,
 Each temple silent, and each altar still.

Oh, blame me not, ye seraphs of the sky,
 That mortal lips should seek a theme so high !
 Ah, would some power but touch my soul with fire—
 Could I but strike Isaiah's hallowed lyre,
 Then would I tell how, on that far-famed sod,
 The great Apostle preached the UNKNOWN GOD.

Dim shades of time long past—of ages fled,
 Rend, rend your canopy from off the dead !

Once more, with all her fame, the city stands,
 The pride of nations, and the queen of lands ;
 Once more the great Pantheon reared on high,
 With fluted columns charms the gazing eye.
 Mark where, with sculptur'd grace, each glowing line
 Awakes to mimic life with forms divine !
 Here breathes the enraptur'd muse her spell around,
 There the dread genius walks the hallow'd ground ;
 Lo ! huge Tritona rears aloft her spear,
 And bids the patriot and the sage draw near ;
 While deep-taught learning, on her rugged throne,
 Harangues the crowd with terrors not her own.

Hark ! o'er the worded strife now strains arise,
 Lo ! priests with pomp lead up the sacrifice ;
 'Mid vernal groves unhallowed orgies sound,
 And altars smoke, and victims strew the ground,
 While superstition and her bestial train
 In horrid dance bestride the storied plain.

Oh, who will sow the heavenly seeds of life
 In such a citadel of worldly strife ?
 What earth-born man, with god-like strength endowed,
 Will dare the fury of that venial crowd ?
 Or preach, where pride 'mid rolling years hath trod,
 The unknown mysteries of the Incarnate God ?

The ruby sun, descending to his rest,
 Sheds a deep glory o'er the radiant west ;
 Fair roseate clouds in fleecy splendour lie,
 All golden-hued, amid the dappled sky.
 Oh, 'tis a sad though glorious sight to view
 The waning lustre of that gorgeous hue—
 The various tints that all the heavens assume,
 And then the sinking of that radiant bloom,
 Like some bright soul that from this mournful clay
 Fades from our eyes, and heavenward wings his way ;
 While we, alas ! pour forth our grief in vain,
 As winds that mourn the sun-forsaken plain.

Deck'd with a thousand charms, o'er hill and dale
 Night spreads her wings beneath the moonbeams pale,
 Murmurs the gentle stream, and all is still,
 Save the sad notes of lonely Philomel.

But why this holy calm—this unknown dread,
 That seems to whisper o'er the quick and dead ?
 Why sighs the wind with that unearthly moan,
 Like "parting genius" banished from her throne ?
 The blue-eyed goddess, in her silver shrine,
 Quakes at the awful calm and power divine ;
 The laughing Dryad, in her shadowy home,
 Stays the swift foot, nor dares again to roam ;
 While gods and heroes, in their myrtle bowers,
 Feel the dread influence and their shaken powers.

Enwrapped in thought, and gazing into Time,
 Alone the Apostle stood—a man sublime.
 Deeply he mused ;—so worked his inmost soul
 As when the waves surge back from pole to pole.
 He gazed with sorrow o'er the storied plain,
 The gay palæstra, and the sculptured fane ;
 He joyed no more to view the work of art,
 Debased and worship'd by the sinful heart ;
 He raised his eyes, and mark'd the brow of night,
 The starry firmament, the chequered light ;
 And then, his soul to deep devotion given,
 Breath'd for a prayer, and sought the God of Heaven.

Lo ! when the sun peep'd through the rosy dawn,
 And tinged with golden hue the dappled morn,
 He dared the fury of each dogged tribe,
 The sophist's scorn, the cynic's heartless gibe.

The sensual son of pleasure heard with awe
 Another mandate, and another law ;
 Far greater joys than living but for life—
 A sacred duty, and a nobler strife ;
 A soul endued with thoughts of joy to come,
 Our labour over, and our battle won.

The haughty stoic frowned in gloomy scorn
 At power Almighty to submission born ;
 Nor deem'd the soul that triumph'd o'er the grave
 Received new life from One who died to save.

Thus, day succeeding day, to those who heard
 He preach'd the glories of the deathless Word.

There stands a rock, to every nation known,
 Where Justice weigh'd the scales and right was done ;
 Where the gaunt culprit rais'd his baleful eye,
 To hear the sentence, and prepare to die ;
 Where, too, the crowd in mute attention hung
 While doctrines started from the sophist's tongue ;
 And days and years were pass'd in subtle dreams,
 Deceptive quibblings, and fanatic schemes.

As, when beneath the deep and radiant sky,
 The sun his beaming splendour shoots on high,
 And tips the golden hills ; soon clouds arise
 In sullen grandeur—mantle o'er the skies
 And shade the light of day ; but see ! there glows,
 E'en like a storm-swept meteor, through his foes
 Once more the heaven-clad sun ;—then bursting forth
 In brilliant lustre, but with mingled wrath,
 He throws his gladsome beams o'er hill and plain,
 And wond'ring nature feels his joyful warmth again :—
 'Twas thus the Apostle, 'mid that earth-born crowd,
 In form divine, with god-like strength endowed,
 Shone like the orb of day. His gracious mind—
 His soul so great, his love so unconfined—
 Spoke of the glorious message that he bore,
 And told of One that preach'd the same before.

All calm he stood, and view'd that clam'ring throng—
 He knew his span of life was not for long ;
 His was the soul that worlds could not defy,
 His the pure spirit and unbending eye—
 Like some tall rock that rears its form sublime,
 By tempests beaten, and assailed by time ;

But all in vain the mighty surges break,
No time subdues it, and no tempests shake.

He raised his hand, then still'd was every sound,
And death-like silence reign'd on all around :—
“ Ye men of Athens, I well know your fame
“ For efforts sacred to religion's name ;
“ As late I wander'd all your fanes among,
“ And mark'd your prayers and heard your pæans sung,
“ I found, with wonder, as I, musing, trod,
“ An altar hallow'd to the UNKNOWN GOD.
“ Whom, then, in ignorance ye laud with prayer
“ His name I preach you, and His might declare.
“ The God who raised the mighty heavens on high—
“ Who made the earth and arched the azure sky ;
“ Who, when this sphere her new-found course began,
“ Breath'd life to all things, and created man ;—
“ Think you that He, who sole in glory stands,
“ Will dwell in temples made by human hands ?
“ That He, who gave to all creation birth,
“ Will succour need from those he placed on earth ?
“ ‘ We are his offspring,’ ev'n your poets said,
“ And by His tender care are onward led ;
“ In Him we live and move—yea, have our breath,
“ Our hope in being, and our life in death ;
“ He timed our wand'rings, bade us not to roam,
“ But turn to Him—our Father and our home !
“ If we, then, children on this mortal sod,
“ Can boast our offspring of Almighty God,
“ Ought we to dare that sacred power profane,
“ Or breathe deception with that awful name ?
“ To call an image, made by man's device,
“ Heaven's God, Omnipotent of earth and skies ?
“ Oh, rise you now ! forsake this gloomy night !
“ His love, e'er present, sheds a new-born light ;
“ He bids you all to whom this light is given
“ To ask forgiveness, and to seek for heaven !

" There comes a day when, throned in power sublime,
 " A Man—ordain'd by God to vanquish time
 " Though all creation into dust be hurled—
 " Will judge in righteousness a living world.
 " And, as a pledge to all men, this shall be—
 " God from the bonds of death hath set him free."

He spoke : hear now the mingled shouts that rise
 Of scorn and laughter to the starry skies,
 As when a wind that o'er the briny deep
 Ruffles the doubtful waves that seem to sleep,
 Then howls the storm, the foaming breakers roar,
 While wave on wave beats back from shore to shore ;—
 Like this the tumult rose ; but who can tell
 The calm that followed from that broken spell—
 How when that wind had hushed its voice to sleep,
 What peace and concord brooded o'er the deep :

That hour has passed away—that voice is still,
 But yet its echoes Time can never kill.
 Yon sun shall melt, and darkness veil the sky,
 Worlds hurled on worlds in hideous ruin lie ;
 Till from on high the glad command is given :
 " Arise, ye faithful, and ascend to heaven ! "

AND I SAID, OH LORD, CAN THIS BE
DEATH ?

I.

And I said, oh Lord, can this be death ?
So calm, so holy, such a peacefulness
Upon those lovely features—is she dead ?
Has Time breathed o'er her pale, pale form ?
Those chiselled lips, will they no more
Tell of the love she bore me—are they closed
For ever ? Those eyes so pure and saint-like
Has death, too, dimmed their deep and tender love ?
Are they for ever shut ?

SHALL I NEVER ?

I.

Shall I never, shall I never
Hear her loving voice again ;
Has she flown away for ever ?
Has she burst her mortal chain ?

II.

Will each morning dawn so dreary
O'er the world now dull to me ?
Ah, my spirit is aweary
Of this deep and changing sea.

III.

Ah, thou sun so brightly shining
O'er this world of joy and woe,
Is there still a silver lining ?
Is there still a beam to glow ?

IV.

Shall the time so onward fleeting
Waft me nearer to that form ?
Shall I in a joyful greeting
Clasp once more the one I mourn ?

V.

Is it true or am I dreaming ;
Is she taken from these eyes ?
Ah, 'tis strange this mystic gleaming
Of a life beyond the skies.

I GAZED UPON THE MOANING SEA.

I.

I gazed upon the moaning sea,
 So calm without a storm,
 I thought that others mourned for me,
 Though I for others mourn.

II.

I saw them weeping o'er my tomb,
 Their sorrow touched my breast ;
 I grieved, and wished their tearful gloom
 Could see me calm at rest.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

Hear me, oh God, for day and night
 My voice I raise to Thee,
 My soul is dark in woe, my days no longer bright,
 My weary life is fleeting fast,
 Soon I shall cease to be ;
 Laid in the darksome grave, a silent tomb
 'Mid death's dark sea, an unknown doom.

LOVE.

Like the wind that mourns o'er the earth,
 Like the sea that weeps to the shore,
 Love spoke at creation's birth,
 And speaks to us evermore.

Like the sun that baffles the night,
 Like the moon that enlightens our gloom,
 Love ever will shew us a light
 And gladden the shade of the tomb.

Oh fear not the battle of life,
 Oh dread not the shadow of death,
 For Love is an angel mid strife,
 And watches our quivering breath.

It came from the heaven above,
 It breathed o'er this earthly sod,
 And mortals all called it "Love,"
 For it came as the voice of God.

TO IDA.

Like the beam that is shed from a halo of light
 Speeds down to the earth with its ray,
 So Ida you broke on my wondering sight,
 But alas, so you vanished away.

Oh would that that token of heaven so blest
 Would hallow the earth with its beam !
 Oh would that my cousin would hear me and rest,
 Nor fade like a beautiful dream !

Must thou go ? then farewell, farewell once again,
 But a wish and my love I would give thee ;
 Thou goest like Spring-time to Winter's cold reign,
 May Winter like Spring-time retrieve thee.

THE WAVE IS ROLLING.

The wave is rolling its silver crest
 Far, far o'er the deep, deep sea,
 And the bark that now bears the one I love best
 Is sailing far, far from me.

The wind is speeding its whispering flight,
 And sings to that deep, deep sea,
 Oh would like the wind I could fly to thy sight,
 And whisper a word to thee.

EPITAPH ON A PET DOG.

Alas poor Tittums !
 Touch not this mould ! for under it lies
 All that a maiden did cherish and prize.
 When it lived,—how it loved her ! 'twas all it could do :—
 Let man take example for he must die too.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

I.

A shout arose from the waving trees,
 Like the mournful voice of distant seas,
 Or the strain of a thousand harmonies.
 It cried to the world with a voice so loud,
 The pines of the forest re-echoed and bowed :
 " O man we quiver and fall to the earth,
 And rot in the dust that first gave us birth.
 The summer has faded, the autumn is here,
 The moan of the tempest is hollow and drear :
 Life droops like the blossom, thy end draweth nigh,
 Like us in thy autumn thou'lt wither and die."

II.

The year is dying,
 The wind is sighing,
 The leaves are falling,
 The summer fled.

A strain of sorrow,
 In cadence hollow,
 Mournfully echoes
 ' The earth is dead.'

The storm-wave dashes,
 The lightning flashes,
 The vessel founders,
 And sinks in the sea.

O cease from weeping,
 The earth is sleeping.
 The dead will burst forth,
 Like leaves from the tree.

III.

There is a glory in the golden west.
 Ere wrapt in gloom the sun sinks down to rest ;
 There is a glory in the fading year,
 When clad in splendour all the woods appear :
 Oh 'tis a sad, though holy sight to view,
 The waning lustre of that gorgeous hue ;
 The varied tints that all the leaves assume,
 The last faint glimmer of the forest's bloom,—
 Bright as the glow that gilds the pallid face
 Ere cold destruction rifle every grace,
 When some fair soul deserts this mournful clay,
 Fades from our eyes, and heavenward wings her way,
 Back to the hand of God from whence she came,
 While we, oh slow of heart, weep o'er her mortal frame.

IV.

O sad is the time when the summer has faded,
 With all its fair blossoms and flowers of the spring ;
 When the wind-creaking forest is darkly o'ershaded,
 Bereft of the songsters that made its groves ring.

O dark is the night when the sun has departed,
 And shrouded in gloom the bright hue of his ray ;
 When the wind, through the shadows of eve broken-hearted,
 Bewails the fair beacon that lighted his way.

So we, when the vision of those who have loved us,
 Fades slowly and sad from our sorrowing gaze,
 Think oft of the forms that have joyfully moved us,
 And guided our footsteps in happier days.

DEEP AND SLOWLY.

I.

Deep and slowly, deep and slowly,
Peals the bell in mournful tone,
While a darkness dim and holy
Seems to hold the world alone.

II.

In the heavens, brightly shining
O'er the silent world below,
Gaze the stars o'er earth reclining,
Wrapt in dreams of joy and woe.

III.

From that turret dark and dreary,
Where the owl is wont to rave,
Where the footsteps of the weary
Sank to rest within the grave,

IV.

Oft that bell with dismal tolling
Breathed the chilling voice of death :
Far around the echoes rolling
Grasped the tone with quiv'ring breath.

V.

Angels now from heaven descending
Soothe the restless pilgrim's woe :
Visions o'er the sleeper bending
Sweetly come and softly go.

VI.

Dreams of joy, and dreams of sorrow,
 Scenes long past reflected rise,
 Hopes and fears, the coming morrow
 Flit like phantoms past our eyes.

VII.

Oh how chequered, oh how fleeting,
 Is our span of life on earth,
 Death the fun'ral knell is beating
 E'en while time records our birth.

VIII.

Lo! the mother's infant treasure!
 Hope and fear combined with joy
 Fill her heart with endless pleasure
 While she gazes on her boy.

IX.

Soon that mother deeply weeping
 Clasps her babe in woeful sorrow,
 Though its face as if 'twere sleeping
 Sweetly smiles at nature's morrow.

X.

For the angel, good designing,
 Plucked the flower in early day,
 While heaven's dew, untouched, was shining,
 Kissed, and bore it far away.

XI.

Could the power to her be given
 Now to view her only joy,
 Not for worlds would she from heaven
 Call again her darling boy.

XII.

Love ennobling, love is holy,
Like the moonbeam's chaste ray,
Pure alike to rich and lowly,
Shed from heaven's immortal day.

XIII.

Love hath power that nought can sever,
Like the star-bespangled night,
Formed to charm the heart for ever
With a deep celestial light.

XIV.

Time is fleeting, all things perish
As the day sinks in the night,
All must die, e'en those we cherish,
But love returns to heaven's own light.

OH PLACID EVE.

Oh placid Eve, so calm and holy,
Come with all thy mystic hue,
Robed in pensive melancholy,
Tipt with gems of sparkling dew !
Mine be the joy to wander far
Where beams on high thine own sweet western star,
O'er the deep vales and purple-crested hills,
With all their babbling, mazy rills,
That tumble down the rocky mountain's breast ;
When the sweet murmur of the wand'ring gale
Attunes all nature to a peaceful rest,
Or mourns with love beneath the moonbeam's pale,
What time old Morpheus from the azure deep
With dreamy voice ascends to mock the world asleep.

AT THE AGE OF 18.

THE HOLY LAND.

The Prize Poem entitled "The Holy Land" was lost at Oxford at the time of the Author's death. The following lines are *fragments* of it from notes.

Oh land for ages wont of old to shine
 How art thou fallen, sainted Palestine !
 Pale is thy form, and reft thy golden crown,
 And Time has hurled thy former splendour down.
 Oh thou art changed from all thine olden state,
 Thy throne is left unto thee desolate !
 What though the olive on thy sacred hill
 In aged lustre sweetly blossoms still,
 And still the cedar, as in days long gone,
 Lifts her proud head on mighty Lebanon,
 What though the waters on Tabara's breast
 So clear and blue in placid beauty rest,
 And on through many a town and meadow side
 The sleepless Jordan pours his gleaming tide :—
 Alas for thee oh land, though nature smile,
 Thou art in woe and bitterness the while :
 The bee may hum, the nightingale may sing,
 And all thy shades with joyful echoes ring ;
 The sun may shine o'er Hermon's snowy crest,
 And blush o'er Zion ere he sink to rest,
 But thou like nature when the last faint ray
 Of all her splendour sadly fades away,
 When o'er the scene so mournful yet so fair,
 That one would think 'twere but a vision there,

* * * * *

Yet here shall fancy view each hallòwed spot,
 By ages trampled and by man forgot,

And fondly dream that thou art once again
 Throned in the splendour of thy glorious reign :—
 E'en now methinks before her golden ray
 Oblivion rolls its aged mist away,
 And brighter scenes dispel the mournful gloom,
 Start from the storied past and rend the tomb.
 Lo, here the temple rears its massive pile,
 The barren rocks in sculptured beauty smile,
 In golden lustre fluted columns rise
 And rear the glowing fabric to the skies :
 See distant nations aid the work divine,
 And make the pile in awful beauty shine.
 Here snowy Paros lends her purest stone,
 And cedars fall on mighty Lebanon :
 Idume's odours and Sophala's ore
 In eager gladness seek the well-known shore :
 Swift o'er the wave the Tyrian vessel flies
 With skilful workmen and Sidonian dyes.

'Twas silence all, no sounding din arose,
 The axe's clangour or the mallet's blows,
 But like some dream, in deep and awful state,
 It rear'd to heaven its everlasting gate.
 Lo, eager crowds in mute suspense the while
 With wond'ring gaze survey the rising pile,
 Admire the beauty of its marble wall,
 The lofty dome, the sculptur'd pedestal,
 The brazen altar and the dread abode
 So soon to be the dwelling place of God.
 Then bursts the transport of the enraptur'd soul,
 Loud hymns of praise resound from pole to pole,
 While hallelujahs rend the vaulted skies,
 And white robed priests lead up the pomp of sacrifice.
 "Lift up your heads, ye doors, ye gates of brass,
 And let our God, the King of Glory, pass,"
 Give way, ye crowds, the sounding gates unfold,
 In pillared state see domes of fretted gold :

* * * * *

Go look on Zion,—lies she not forlorn,
 The tyrant's vassal, and the heathen's scorn,
 Oh pale she sleeps upon the mountain side,
 And all her golden locks are scatter'd wide ;
 Her form is motionless, her voice is still,
 But yet her beauty Time can never kill ;
 Though dim her eyes, and fixed in deep despair,
 It is not death, 'tis sleep is reigning there.

O heard ye not the thrilling voice that sped,
 That voice that broke the slumbers of the dead,
 Awake O Zion from thy fetter'd sleep,
 O mournful daughter now no longer weep,
 Awake, arouse thee from thy dust divine,
 Put on thine olden strength, awake and shine !
 What though thy hills a barren waste disclose,
 Yet there the plain shall blossom like the rose ;
 Where frowns the thorn, the myrtle tree shall smile,
 And lofty palms the travellers' way beguile ;
 The barren desert, now no longer bare,
 With babbling streams shall charm the weary ear ;
 Where late the dragon held her dread domain,
 Lo ! verdant grasses deck the rugged plain.
 Ye murmuring woods, that wave your arms on high,
 Ye wind-rocked mountains rising to the sky,
 Ye verdant hills, break forth, break forth and sing,
 Ye lowly vales with joyful echoes ring,
 Let all your tongues the gladsome tidings tell,
 Lo, God's own glory shines o'er Israel.
 No more shall death in angry terrors reign,
 Or plaintive sorrow mourn her woes again,
 But pain shall cease, and joyful nature rise
 Refreshed, redeemed, before immortal eyes ;
 For see, descending from the sky serene,
 That glorious vision once by prophet seen ;

Lo ! jasper walls reflect unwonted light,
Begemmed with stones and golden chrysolite ;
There twelve bright angels, robed with glory, wait,
To ope the gates of pearl, in awful state,
And there the tree of life for ever grows,
And murmuring water, clear as crystal, flows ;
No need of sun to beautify the day,
Or moon to shine when fades his parting ray,
For there the glory of the Immortal Three
Which are, Which were, Which evermore shall be,
Shines forth eternal, utterless, alone,
And white-robed saints bow down before that awful throne.

"HOW IS THE GOLD BECOME DIM."

"How is the gold become dim."—JEREMIAH.

There is a dim and awful mightiness
 In death, when deep sleep falleth upon man.
 Who that hath stood by life's last agony,
 And held the wasted hand, and mark'd the soul
 Struggling with dull mortality ; then anon,
 Whilst spell-bound at the unutterable gaze
 Of those loved eyes, hath felt with sudden awe
 A more than earthly presence ; or at times,
 From out the gloom and silentness of night,
 When the soul wakens in its prison-house,
 Hath heard, or seemed to hear, the voice of one
 At peace long since adown the vale of years,
 Speaking in tones distinct ;—who then can doubt
 How near we mingle with that spirit world,
 To our clogg'd sight inscrutable—unknown ?

Afar, in those weird lands where once the pulse
 Of mighty life and highest enterprise
 Throbb'd through a million arteries—where kings
 Amazed the earth with greatness, and where God
 Displayed the littleness of man, 'tis said
 There broods a chilling presence, like a pall,
 Most eloquent of sorrow, and what time
 The sea moans deadlier, and on high the moon,
 So wondrous pale, silvers with spectral hue
 The time-uplifted solitude beneath ;
 Shades—ay, dim, awful shades ! sweep through the halls,
 Once boisterous with their cries, as though they loved
 To haunt their once frequented homes. Alas !
 How changed ! How changed those regal palaces—
 Those immemorial shrines and marble tombs !
 Where are the god-like forms, mighty of old ?
 Where are the hallowed oracles, and towers,
 Deep-bastioned walls, and fretted pinnacles

Which rose to heaven in glorious majesty ?
 Fallen ? Ay, fallen ; all is desolate.
 Never—oh, nevermore in those still ways
 Shall sound the voice of gladness or of mirth—
 Never the voice of bridegroom or of bride,
 Nor song, or lute, or charm of minstrelsy !

O, 'tis a soul-entrancing thing to muse
 O'er fallen greatness : it uplifts our thoughts
 From out the slime of earth, and makes us seek
 The Everlasting and the Infinite,
 Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands.
 There is a power unseen, but not unfelt,
 In those dim legends, which the sacred past
 Breathes in faint, scattered notes of melody,
 Like some far echoes of another world,
 And mingles with the present. O, 'tis sweet,
 Obedient to divinest impulses,
 To muse o'er those memorials of old time,
 Until our fancy, orbing into life
 Their reflex glory, doth reveal to us
 The consecrated truths that whilom shone
 And brighten'd all the morning lands of earth.

Methought I stood in deepest solitude
 Among the ruins of an age gone by,
 What time the sun had kissed the western wave
 Of far Atlantic, and above, the heavens,
 In woven pomp of planet-girded suns,
 Were clear and beautiful. Speechless I gazed
 On each stupendous monument of old,
 And wandered on through groves of obelisks,
 Dim, silent halls and alabaster tombs—
 The glory of a youthful age, and now
 The wonderment of time, in which the Hand
 Of God has writ, in characters distinct
 As those which dimm'd that impious festival

And gave Chaldea to the Persian host :
 " Old order changeth, yielding place to new ;
 For God fulfils himself in many ways."
 All, all were silent, and there seem'd to brood
 O'er all a dark, unutterable woe,
 As though in very sadness for the fate
 Of buried monarchies. No face met mine,
 No human gaze—all still ; anon I felt,
 From the cold bosom of the midnight air,
 The unseen presence of departed forms
 Hover around, an undefined awe
 Thrilled to my inmost soul. Then quick arose
 A flood of hallowed memories and dreams—
 A deep and vast circumference of thought,
 Raised as it were by some Almighty power
 To sense intangible, yet binding sense
 By some strange thralldom, as though heaven itself
 Breathed o'er my soul a breath of after life.
 Alone I wander'd on through awful domes,
 Deep cedar'd glooms, and cluster'd palaces
 Of monarchs now forgotten, whose high names
 Faded from off the faithless monument,
 Even as their cavern'd dust ; and where once stood
 The sculptur'd tenement of fine-wrought clay
 Now basks the coilèd viper, and the owl
 Startles pale silence on her midnight throne.

Long time I ponder'd o'er these monuments
 Of earthly pride and human frailty ;
 And longer had I dream'd—but lo ! afar,
 With alternation of bright hues and points,
 The golden orient shone. Anon I heard,
 In tones most thrillingly distinct and clear,
 That shook and echoed through my trancèd soul :
 " Mortal ! thou hast God's work on earth to do ;
 Linger not idly gazing—dream no more."

MAGDALA.

Afar where nature throned in power sublime,
 Decks with a sterner hand a burning clime,
 Where the fierce Simoon with its scorching breath
 Awakes the desert with the blast of death.—
 Oh think not here those fairer scenes to view
 The smiling landscape, and the varying hue,
 The gleaming waterfall, the babbling rill
 That sings and dances down the sunlit hill ;
 No,—here the tears of morn no fragrance leave,
 Or parting sunbeams kiss the couch of Eve :
 'Tis silence all, and sullen horror broods
 O'er burning sands mid frowning solitudes.
 Oh dreary clime ! does man then fear to tread
 Thy haunts that token of the sleeping dead ?
 Does day succeed to day and year to year
 Without a voice to break the silence here ?
 Ah, no,—think not where heaven hath reared a home
 Its grateful sons will ere refuse to come :
 Though death himself should rear his awful form,
 Man will attempt the pass and brave the storm.

On Tanta's ridge the deep-desponding night
 Veils with a gloom the golden face of light,
 The pale pale moon is fading on her breast,
 Her raven tresses sweep the mountain crest ;
 But vain her power ! the shade she tries to throw,
 Returns o'er-purpled by the sunbeam's glow :
 In shadowy state she, vanquished, sails away,
 And leaves the conquest to the King of day.
 Though now bright morn with all her smiling charms
 Has clasp'd the day within her golden arms,
 And tinged with bloom the deep and marble blue,
 Yet silence still seems nature to subdue :
 As though some phantom had the power to keep
 The dessert fetter'd with a death-like sleep.

But hark ! didst hear that fancy-pleasing strain,
 That whispered faintly o'er the dreary plain ?
 Hark ! for the silence breaks, again it comes,
 The spirit-stirring sound of tramp and drums !
 See o'er yon hill with measured step afar
 Rolls into sight the gleaming ranks of war !
 Line after line spreads out in dire array,
 And blazing arms flash back the beam of day !
 The banners stream, and stirring strains arise
 Of warlike music to the burnish'd skies.

Oh hast thou stood when o'er the mighty deep
 Each wave and ripple seems entranced to sleep,
 When scarce a zephyr wings its balmy way,
 To kiss from trembling waves the glitt'ring spray,
 And all the scene so silent and so fair
 Made thee half think 'twas but a vision there :
 But then the while thou heard'st a strain to swell,
 One hard for me to write and hard to tell,
 A mournful tone that charm'd thy pensive ear
 But still oppress'd thy fluttering heart with fear ?
 Mark you that line that dims the western sky,
 How swift it comes and hurls a foam on high ?
 'Tis calm in front, but see, the darkened blast
 Breathes o'er the ocean as it rushes past !
 Then rise the waves and surge along behind,
 With all the concert of the sea and wind.
 Like this rolled on the ranks of war amain,
 O'er drear Sellasie's still and silent plain.

But why this armament, this gorgeous state ?
 —To seek a conquest, or a nation's fate ?
 Why do the chiefs of war their powers combine,
 Into so drear a place to lead so good a line ?

*Cetera nondum,
 Sed futura.*

NOTE.—A Prize Poem entitled "The Fall of Jericho" was lost.

*Extract from Sermon by the Rev. G. H. Tidcombe,
at St. Peter's Church, Hammersmith.*

" I cannot let this day pass without saying a few words of him who has been so suddenly taken from among us.

" Born in this Parish, he was Baptized in this Church, where latterly his voice had become familiar to us in the reading of the Lessons. Of the irreparable loss to his family none can speak, the God of all comfort alone can comfort them, Time alone can in some measure soften their grief. Generous and manly, unselfish and affectionate, he had endeared himself to all, and his short College life had already given promise of a bright and successful future. He had desired to be admitted into the Church's Ministry, and hopes had been cherished that as a poet as well as a preacher he might have become distinguished.

" He had asked me that the second hymn which has been sung in this morning's service might be sung on the last Sunday evening before he left for Oxford ; we little thought then

" ' How few more suns should set
O'er these dark hills of time
Ere he should be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.' "

" May the prayer which we then sang with him, be

answered for us, as I believe it has already been answered for him—

“ ‘ Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day,
O wash me in Thy precious blood
And take my sins away.’

“ Many of you know how short was his last illness ; he attended the evening service in his College Chapel on the day before that on which he died. His sudden death says to us all more forcibly than any sermon could do, ‘ Be ye also ready,’ for in an hour and day when ye look not for it, death may also come to you.”



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